

The Missionary Helper

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE

FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

MOTTO: *Faith and Works Win.*

VOL. XXXI

MAY, 1908

No. 5

HEART TO HEART

Rev. John Steele, an English missionary in Swatow, China, heard sounds of bitter weeping by the wayside one night. Looking for its source, he found a heathen woman bowed over a child's grave, upon which, according to the local custom, lay an overturned cradle.

A heathen baby;—that is all;—
And woman's lips that wildly plead;
Poor lips that never learned to call
On Christ, in woman's time of need!

Poor lips, that never did repeat
Through quiet tears, "Thy will be done!"
That never knew the story sweet
Of Mary and the Infant Son.

An empty cradle, and a grave;—
A little grave—cut through the sod;
O Jesus, pitiful to save,
Make known to her the mother's God!

—Clara A. Lindsay.





FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Thank-offering month, with its reminder of countless blessings, spiritual and material; its opportunities and privileges; its joyous service of song and praise and gifts! How shall we make the most of it? Cannot *every* church, whether it has an auxiliary or not, hold a May meeting for an offering of thanks? Will not each local society, even if it be for the first time, observe this most blessed service of the year? And may not every individual set aside one hour, at least, for thanksgiving; for prayer for the work, and for an offering unto the Lord for all His benefits towards us? *Send out your offering with prayer!* Pray for more missionaries and more money to send them. Pray for the workers on the field who are carrying so many burdens because of so few helpers. Pray for the native peoples who are asking for light. There was never so much vitality in our work as now; never more real successes, both in India and at Storer; never so many appeals from sources formerly antagonistic or indifferent. Where, then, is the lack? The answer is obvious: Men and women and money. Where is the fault? None of us can do all, but each can do his part of praying, working, giving. Are we doing our part of all of these very essential things? . . . Much space is given to the little ones this month. No one objects to that! If you haven't a Little Light Bearer of your very own, have you adopted one? It's a pretty good plan. Write to our enthusiastic Secretary, Mrs. Hartley, about it. What interesting and suggestive glimpses from the field we get through Mrs. Burkholder's and Miss

Dawson's articles! How they make us love the work they are doing, and long to help—as we can and will . . . Through the generosity of Mrs. Harriet Phillips Stone, Michigan's President of the F. B. W. M. S., eighty-eight women of that state are receiving the MISSIONARY HELPER, who had not been subscribers before. We welcome you, dear friends, to our reading circle. Please make use of every department. Study the map of the field, and become familiar with the work in India through letters from our missionaries. Let us meet together in spirit in the Quiet Hour and at Monthly Meetings; be Sunshiners and Young People and Juniors combined! For it is not a matter of years, after all, but of heart and sympathy. . . . Another one of Michigan's well known workers has passed on. Mrs. Electra French Reynolds was a very active, loyal member of the Woman's Missionary Society and its State Secretary until failing health made it necessary for her to give up the office. She was generous of time, strength and money during her life, and left one hundred dollars in her will to the W. M. S., besides other bequests to benevolences. . . . How the mothers of our work are leaving us! Mrs. Elizabeth Stewart, so closely connected with our denominational life through her husband, Rev. I. D. Stewart, a former publisher of the *Morning Star*, and herself a member of the original Female Missionary Society and life member of the present society, died at the home of her daughter, Frances Stewart Mosher, in Boston, in March. There are many precious names to mention in the Memorial Service, this year, which usually follows our Thank-Offering meeting. . . . The members of the F. B. W. M. S. of Buffalo Valley, Jamestown, Kansas, have had their pictures taken for a post card. It is a very attractive "counterfeit presentment," too. By the number of young women, Juniors and babies, included in the picture, we are sure of a wide-awake organization in Jamestown for years to come. Congratulations and best wishes! . . . Miss Nellie Jordan of Alfred, Me., writes: "As agent for the HELPER in our [York Co.] Conference, I am much pleased that the W. M. S. of the Conference is taking two shares in the HELPER and sending the magazine to twelve new subscribers." Good. . . . A subscriber in Wisconsin writes: "Our little girl was asked to furnish something for the opening exercises in the S. S. When the mail came she picked out the HELPER and in a few minutes exclaimed, 'Mama, I've found something. I'm going to learn and sing this.' It was Mrs. Wingate's poem, A Penny a Day and a Prayer. The preaching service came after the S. S. and our pastor said he could not get away from missions. He had thought he would not say anything to the Big Bend church about the cent a day plan, as they had already done so well, but the song stirred him, and so he made a plea for the work and workers. Several responded and pledged themselves for 'a cent a day and a prayer'. I am passing the HELPER around, hoping to gain new subscribers." A little child shall lead them.

A BLESSED COLD SEASON TRIP

BY M. ETHEL DAWSON.

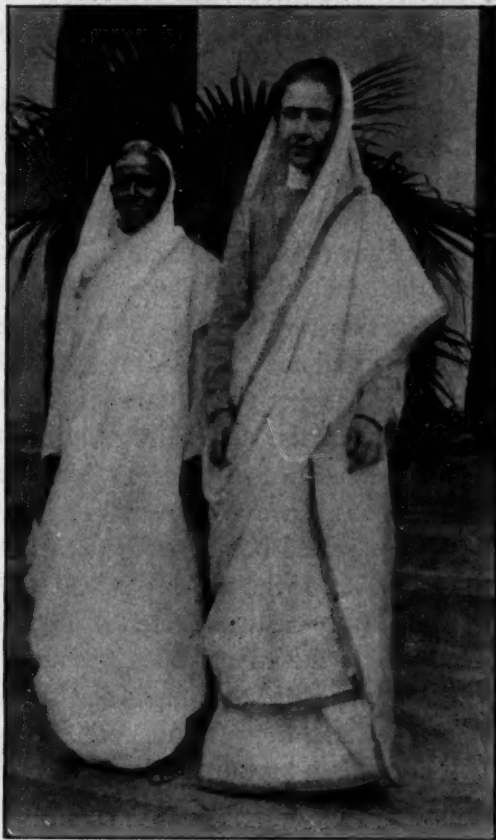
Four years ago a woman lay dying in her little home in Jellasore. Her twin sister sat by her, holding her hand, wondering what things those closed eyes were seeing, and whether she would ever hear those silent lips speak again. Suddenly she became aware that consciousness had returned and bending over heard her say, "Sister, I have been to Dhalbhum, our birthplace. The Lord took me there. Oh, how the people listened to the Gospel! Sister, I am going to Heaven, but put your hand on mine and promise me you will go to Dhalbhum and tell our own people of Jesus. Unless you do, I cannot leave this world." The promise was given and the tired eyes of the dying one closed again, and she passed into the Beyond.

The sister—our dear Bible Woman, Mariam Curtis—remembered her promise, and began to pray for the way to open for her to fulfil it, accepting it as a call from the Lord that she was to preach His word in Dhalbhum. About the same time, a Missionary in Balasore was thinking of the needs of the work and Dhalbhum, a large unevangelized native state to the North, stood out with great distinctness, and she began to pray about going there. In His own way the Lord led these two, Missionary and Bible Woman, to talk over the thing nearest to the heart of each, and they began to plan for a trip into Dhalbhum the next cold season. Evidently His time was not fully ripe, and it was not until January 8th, 1908, they were able to start out. This is the "wherefore" of the month's work I want to tell you about.

When Mariam and I spoke of going, Miss Barnes said she would like to accompany us and bring a Bible Woman, and thus it was arranged. Mariam knew the name of her village, but none of us knew the direction. Once, about seven years ago, I had been through Mourbhanj to the borders of Dhalbhum, so we decided to enter it from that side. We traveled by bullock cart and were five days in reaching Sersa, the village on the border. Our way lay through the jungle which seemed so restful after the dreary sameness of the rice fields of Balasore District.

We were cheered (!) one evening, by the news of a wild elephant who took evening walks along that road, and once, just at dusk, the women heard two baby bears crying for their mother, who answered them from the Jungle close by; and again, as we reached a Rest House

about 8 p. m., we found the Settlement men in possession, because they feared to stay in the Outhouse on account of a tiger that prowled around at night. However, we had not the privilege of meeting any of these denizens of the Jungle, for which all were very thankful.



MISS DAWSON WITH HER BIBLE WOMAN
MARIAM CURTIS

On Wednesday, the 15th, we crossed the border river into Dhalbhum. What river crossing in India means! Comparatively little water—waist deep in places—but large stretches of sand on either side which make hard work for the bullocks. It took two hours to cross. The carts had to be lightened an account of the quicksands, and ourselves carried across by men. They took me first, and having taken the precaution to

take of my shoes and stockings. I got over without any inconvenience. Not so Miss Barnes. She is heavier than I, so the men had greater difficulty in getting her across and she got a wetting which necessitated her changing most of her clothes on the bank. There was a cold wind blowing at the time and we feared for the men, who had been in the water so long helping the carts. We gave each a dose of quinine, and there were no bad consequences. All were tired and glad that the first village lay only two miles ahead, and there we decided to pitch the tent.

I shall not soon forget that first night in Dhalbhum. We had entered the State that had been in our hearts and prayers for four long years, and all felt the solemnity as we knelt in the tent and put ourselves into His hands for Him to use. We felt He had very definitely brought us there, and while we knew nothing of the road ahead, and should just have to follow, day by day, we knew He must have some purpose, and would do His own work in His own way. The headman and numbers of the villagers came to see us and we talked and sold books.

Next day we went to a Market town, two miles away. An old man walked along behind us, and in the course of conversation we found he knew Mariam's village, and had known her father, before and after he became a Christian. He told us we were on the right track and which way to go. We sold a number of books at the Market and had a good time singing and talking. There was a boys' school there and the school boys seemed very ready to buy. It was almost dusk when we left. Two men and a boy came alongside the cart soon after we started and bought books; they walked along with us and I explained the plan of Salvation. They listened with an eagerness that wanted one to go on and on, and one was sorry when the turning of the roads separated us. They went their way and we went ours. The moon had risen and we watched them as far as we could see, and then looking up at the quiet sky, whispered a prayer for the Holy Spirit's working in their hearts, and His enlightening of the books they had bought. "Sow beside all waters for ye know not which shall prosper."

Next day found us in another village where they were very ready to listen. To most of them it was the first time, and one man from a distance said, "This is all very well; you are here today, but who will teach us tomorrow?" How many tomorrows will come and go before he can hear again!

The headman of a large village half a mile away, was determined

to have the magic lantern. I explained that his courtyard would not do on account of the moonlight. Nothing daunted, he offered his school-house! How the people thronged, and numbers had to go away! The people wished us to stay longer, but the next afternoon, after visiting the women in houses close by, we decided we had better move on as the next day was Sunday.

There are no roads in Dhalbhum that we saw, and those hours of traveling in a springless cart meant much of weariness for us all. Usually, after five or six hours of such traveling, it was as much as we could do to get the tent pitched. Still our arrival at the village was always a signal for a crowd and one had to talk and be pleasant and sing and explain the books they were so eager to buy.

These were the days of the Santal Festivals, so we had opportunities of reaching those from villages for miles around as they passed to and fro to the different "Jatras."

When we reached Konda Moda, late Saturday evening, the only suitable place for the tent seemed to be near the Market place, just behind the Temple of Mahadeb, and there we stayed for three days. I had two lantern services with large, quiet, attentive audiences, each time. The women seemed more ready to hear than in most places and when they got hold of one were loath to say goodbye. How they begged us to stay! Many of the younger ones could read, and leaving books with them we promised we would go again some day if—Ah, that "if." The farther we went the more we saw how fully the Lord had been answering prayer and preparing the people for His word. The four years of waiting had not been lost.

On Wednesday, the 22nd, we again broke camp and, packing the garries, started off for the next village. The road—no, I won't call it a "road"—the track lay through the Jungle, and how we were led to choose the right one, when we came to places where five or six such tracks met, shows how our Father was leading. It was 4 p. m. when we arrived at Manusmudia, a large Market village of 3,000 people. We chose a spot under the trees outside the village for the tent, and before we got it pitched a number of young men came running and told us of another place—"better," they said. However, we thought this would do, and stayed there. Almost as soon as we were up next morning people were round—young men chiefly, ready to listen and buy books. One

young man knew the village we were seeking, and Mariam had a long talk with him about her relations.

Rachel's mother was born in this village, and some said they would take us to her brother's house. The two Bible Women and I went, and found Rachel's uncle had died some months before, but his widow and her son were there. A crowd soon gathered and they listened well. I went to the headman's house and arranged for a lantern service there, that evening.

The afternoon was spent in talking and explaining and selling books to those who came to the tent. The lantern service was a fight. It seemed, several times, as though Satan would surely stop the message. Friends, have you ever felt you were facing and fighting all the powers of darkness? If so, you will understand my experience. The evil one knew the Spirit was working and determined he would try and stop it. Before I had finished speaking the oil burned out of the lantern so we could show no more pictures, but we stood and sang hymns while the lenses cooled.

Next day we learned of the work the Spirit had been doing, when three young men came and said they wanted to become Christians. How shall I tell of the days that followed! Those three, and others with them, came daily to the tent for instruction, and the days were filled with one long Bible Class. Six or seven young men asked for baptism when they learned that was a command of the Lord, and I wrote off to Midnapur for someone to come and baptise them. Mr. Wyman and Sachi Babu came, and it was arranged the candidates should go to Midnapur for the baptism, as they feared a rising of the Caste if it took place in the village. The brother of the headman, himself an inquirer, said he would take them the Friday night after Mr. Wyman and Sachi Babu left, and I was to go the next night. They were already to go when a storm came up and prevented their starting. Next day, when it became known what they had intended doing, persecution began and they learned what it was to suffer for Jesus' sake. One was severely beaten and shut up for several days, and all have been intimidated, being told that the first one who dared to become a Christian would be killed. Some of them have said they will come out the first opportunity. We are praying and waiting. God has His way in the "whirlwind and in the storm" and will perfect this work also. Our faith and theirs is to be strengthened by this trial.

From Manusmudia we went on to Dumudia, Miriam's village. It

is almost forty-three years since her father, a well-to-do, influential man, became a Christian. He stayed right there in his village, suffering persecution, but witnessing a good confession, teaching by life and word the precious truths of the Gospel. A few years later, after his death, his widow and children moved to Midnapur.

We found the women of the caste ready to receive us. It was so good to see Mariam among them. Her heart was right in the work, and with unwearied zeal she told them of the blessing and peace and joy she had received through becoming a Christian. Many of the elder people remembered her father and showed her his grave, the ruins of his house, and the tree under which he used to sit and preach to the villagers. We saw the tank in which he was baptised by the late Dr. Bacheler. There were those who told us of the baptism; how they went down into the water, with the stones flying round them. Dr. Bacheler's pith hat protected his head, but was all broken before he got through. The sweet savour of that life was not lost, as we felt in our talks with the people, and many are inquiring the way of Salvation. We were there for four days, and are looking forward eagerly to the time when we may go again.

Mariam's twin sister's dying vision was literally fulfilled. The people were ready and prepared for the Gospel. We cannot but believe the Lord is doing a great work there, as in other parts of our field.

Will you, dear friends, help it on by prayer? Pray the workers out; pray down the fetters of caste, that bind the people fast; pray them into the kingdom; Pray, Pray, "Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers—keep not silence, and give Him no rest till He establish, and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth."

Balasore, India, Feb., 1908.

OUR LITTLE ONES

BY MRS. JULIA P. BURKHOLDER.

Do you really wish to become acquainted with them? Very well, then, please step out onto our North verandah about half past six in the morning. Do you see them coming for their early breakfast, each with a cup full of parched rice in her Mother Hubbard dress, from over the sea? A happier, merrier set of children it would be difficult to find, except when some one's feelings are hurt and she has to cry a bit. Here

they are, seated each with a small bowl before her. Milk and parched rice make a good breakfast. In the afternoon they have boiled rice with their milk and then ten tiny hands are stretched out and ten childish voices call, "Mama, please give me salt."

Shall I tell you a thing or two about each one? I will call Elsie Dawson "No. 1," for she has been here the longest. She came when only fifteen days old. Miss Dawson was then in charge of Sinclair Orphanage and took such motherly care of the tiny mite that she bears her name. When Elsie is well, she is as nearly like a Yankee child as any you see. She seems to stand on springs, and she thinks of more to say and do than all the other nine. Mangoes are now about as large as hazel nuts, and we frequently are obliged to warn the children not to eat them. Miss Elsie, again and again, has been to me saying, "Mama, I'll *never* eat a green mango, for it will only give me a stomach ache and then I'll die as Annie did. I'll wait until they are ripe. Allie ate some so must be punished." The future will tell how strong she is to resist the temptation. She now goes regularly to the kindergarten, but already aspires to going to Calcutta, where she will fit for college. She has a most dramatic fashion of telling stories. Her eyes fairly dance with life and animation, and her gestures are of the most approved style. She sings beautifully. I might tell you much more of her, but must hasten. Come and see for yourselves.

"No. 2" is Preyaballa. She was eleven months old when brought here and is now three years old. Her mother did not care for her, hence she was brought here. She has a fair olive complexion, and is quiet and very gentle in her manner. She is a delicate child and needs careful watching. Once, about midnight, the matron was wakened by hearing some one talking. She called out, "Who is talking?" A childish voice answered, "Mod (I), Preya." She was praying.

"No. 3" is Achama, a little Telegu child, brought here when only nine days old. Her mother and twin sister both died, so the father brought her here. It was only with the greatest care night and day that she was kept alive. She will be three in July and is a very lovable, bonny brownie.

"No. 4" is our dear little Rajballa, not fair and pretty as Preya, but affectionate and gentle. She is not dependent upon others for happiness, but always pleasant and playful. On a Sunday afternoon when I went to the girls' house for a S. S. class, I saw her, Elsie and Preya kneeling

on a mat, with eyes closed and hands reverently folded, repeating a prayer they had learned. It was a very pretty sight.

Merla is "No. 5," who was picked up on the R. R. platform in Khragpur. We know nothing of her parents. From her looks we judge she belonged in the N. W. She is three years old, pretty, with bright black eyes.

"No. 6" is Naleeni, about six years old. She belonged to our Christian community in Jellasure. She is a very bright and unusually thoughtful child. Last evening when several of the girls were walking with me, she said, "Mama, here we are walking, but God is with us. At night I am not afraid for He takes care of us."

Nos. 7 and 8 must be taken together. Last Christmas evening, just before dark, I was told that two policemen were at the door wishing to see me. I went and found four men. On the ground near their feet I saw a queer little bundle. Looking more carefully, I found it was two half-starved, naked little girls, as black as night, really a smuffy black. A note was handed me which said these little ones were found in a village some distance from here. The mother had died of cholera and the father had forsaken them. After taking them to the police station and the local magistrate, they were sent to us. How do you suppose they were brought? They were placed on a gunny bag, and this was suspended to a bamboo and then carried by two men. The elder, Phebe, is between two and three years old. Moena, the baby, may be eighteen months old; she has a defective hip joint, so she was unable to stand when she came, but now she can take a few steps alone.

"No. 9" is our youngest and is nearly nine months old. Her mother, too, died of cholera, and her father was advised by his heathen neighbors to throw away the baby, then only seven months old. The father-love was not extinct. He could not leave his child to die, so took it to Mrs. Griffin, who sent her to us. She reached us about nine o'clock one eve. When I took her out to the girls' house, a dozen or more crowded about to see the baby, each eager to take the little one. One of them at once said, "She shall be my charge; I'll take care of her." She is a healthy, happy little one, and all are delighted to have an opportunity of coddling her. She is a great pet in our home, and we would be sorry indeed to have her taken from us. A girls' orphanage is not quite complete without, at least, one baby in it.

A few days ago, when passing through Khragpur, Dr. Mary met me at the depot, and brought me our "No. 10." Her name is Ramkumari. Evidently she comes from the N. W. Provinces. She, with her father, mother, brother and grandmother, went on a pilgrimage to worship Jaganath. The parents and brother died. At last the grandmother was found dead, under a tree, and the little girl was left alone. She was in a pitiable condition when she came to us, but a good bath and a clean dress greatly improved her looks and feelings. She has already learned to love the girl who offered to be her elder sister.

Now I have told you about each one of our little brownies. Much more might be said. It is a real delight to see how tender and loving they are to each other, as a rule, for one expects all children to have their little troubles, occasionally.

How about the practical side of my story! These children daily need food and clothing, mats to sleep on, etc., etc., all of which cost money. •This is a year of famine and high prices. There is no doubt but many more will come to us during this year. Who will adopt one and so help save a life for future good? Will not the Cradle Roll at home care for the Cradle Roll in India? Remember what the dear Master said, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward."

Sinclair Orphanage, Balasore, India.

PEN PICTURES

FROM THE CRADLE ROLL SECRETARY.

"Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below;
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face, bending
Down, and watching us below."

Mrs. Mary C. Allbright, in "Missions in Babyland," has painted three pictures for us; one, is of the cradles in our own homes, the warm, soft little beds, with blankets of white and pink and blue, the delicate fragrance of orris and violet hangs over them, we seem to hear the confused murmur of tender words and slumber songs. These pink and

white, flaxen-haired darlings are our *very own*, the children of Christianity, and over them all is warm, flooding, life-giving sunshine, which is the smile of God.

But another picture is before us; the light has grown dim. We are looking far away now into the East, into the sad, dreary surroundings of heathendom.

And the babies are there, oh, so many of them! Touching, appealing little faces of all shades of brown, yellow and black; bright, dark, pathetic eyes, and many tiny, stunted little bodies. No soft cradles are here; in their places are rude hammocks, hard mats, baskets at the mother's back, the dainty, cozy little blankets have given way to a single dirty covering. No delicate fragrance, no echo of sweet songs is wafted to us from these baby beds, only an occasional whiff of incense, as some heart-burdened mother kneels before a hideous idol. There is no "Now I lay me," nothing beautiful but the universal mother love which falls wistfully, often despairingly, upon the little dusky heads.

And it is dark there, dim and shadowy, and gloomy, for the clouds and mists of heathenism rise between these little ones and the love of God.

Once more we look, and before us is a vision of the Long Ago. Nothing in it but a fair young mother, and a manger and a little baby, and overhead a blazing, beautiful star. We are looking two thousand years into the past. The link between the cradles of Christendom and heathenism is there, in that Eastern stable. The Christ who came to save the world had no soft pillow, none of the luxuries or refinement of civilization, but Hope dawned for the children over that little straw bed, and because of the child that lay there, all child life is to be blessed in every land of the world. Some day life and light and joy will reach every black and brown and yellow baby, as they are already reaching many. In that day the little children of earth will be a great host, glad and safe and happy, every one of them, in the love and care of the Lord Jesus." Mrs. Allbright says, "This is the vision and the sure prophecy; but how is it all to come about?" Through missionary agencies—yes, but even the tiniest baby is not too small to help, if his mother has the missionary spirit. Are we, Free Baptist mothers, ready to do our share for the uplift of humanity?

It is early for Rally reports, but a few have come from New Hampshire. Franklin had a rally, offering, \$4.00; Loudon, also, with an offer-

ing of \$4.00; Ashland, Rally, \$2.85; Bristol, \$2.53; Danville observed Rally Day for C. R. and A. L. B., and raised \$6.66; Hampton C. R., \$1.56; Gonic, \$2.00; Melvin Village, .15; Whitefield, \$2.15; Wentworth, C. R., \$1.00; A. L. B., \$3.00. Mrs. Ella M. Foss sends the following request: "Cradle Roll Secretaries of the Associations of New Hampshire are requested to secure Secretaries or Superintendents, in each church, who will look after Cradle Roll interests faithfully, organizing new Rolls and observing Rally Day. It is greatly desired that each Superintendent observe Rally Day in May or the first week in June, in order that we may have a full report at Yearly Meeting. Please report your Rally to the State Cradle Roll Secretary."

Your C. R. Secretary would like to urge that *all* Q. M. or Conference Secretaries make special effort to organize a Roll in each church; also that *all* the Rallies might be held early and report immediately sent to your Secretary, since the Annual Meeting is to be held in August. All reports must be in by August 1st, at the latest.

Mrs. Burkholder has written a charming article about the "Little Ones" in Sinclair Orphanage and has promised to send us their pictures. A price-list of other leaflets that will help will be found on another page of cover.

I hope you haven't forgotten that we wanted to increase the number of Light Bearers to fifteen hundred this year. Who is going to help us do this? My ambition is to have a Cradle Roll in every Free Baptist church. Surely this is not an impossible thing. Praying for God's richest blessings for all our Little Light Bearers and their mothers, I am,

Your C. R. Secretary,

LAURA E. HARTLEY.

THANK OFFERING

BY MRS MARY B. WINGATE

How shall we serve the Master?

Oh, what shall be our gift?

What service shall we render,

What praise our voice uplift?

For all "his thoughts of mercy,"

The blessings he has given,

The tender, sweet communion

That lifts our souls to Heaven.

For promises he gives us,

For answers to our prayers,

And for the sweet assurance

That all our grief he shares.

Pittsfield, Me.

How shall we show our thankfulness?

Our gratitude, today?

By passing on each precious gift

To near and far away.

Each visit to the lowly,

Each "cup of water" given

To cheer some thirsty spirit,

Is seen by him in Heaven.

Each gift of self-denial,

Each sacrifice we make,

He counts a royal service,

If given for his sake.

Memorial Cradle Roll

Out of the infinite came,
 Back to the infinite goes,
 A little life that unfolded here
 Like a beauty-breathing rose.
 Never a blackening breath
 Can mar the perfect white,
 Never a touch of death,
 Never a dream of blight;
 Spotless and pure and true
 God gave, nor takes away—
 For the love that was, remains to us
 And shall, for aye and aye.

—*Hopestill Farnham.*

Clifford Jackson Humphrey, Auburn, Maine.
 Forest Edward Knight, West Falmouth, Maine.
 Alsena May Bregon.

SINGLE LIGHT BEARERS

Dorothy Chase, South Homer, Mich.
 Virginia Chase, South Homer, Mich.
 Marion Louise Grow, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Harold Brehaut, Brunswick, Maine.
 Leon Griswold Milliken, Old Orchard, Maine.

In Memoriam

"More homelike seemeth the unknown
 Since they have entered there;
 To follow them were not so hard,
 Wherever they may fare;
 They cannot be where God is not,
 On any sea or shore;
 Whate'er betides thy love abides—
 Our God, forevermore."

Mrs. Mary E. Herron, Gobleville, Mich., October 12, 1907.
 Mrs. Melvina N. Twombly, Dover, N. H., November 3, 1907.
 Mrs. Electra French Reynolds, Hillsdale, Mich., March 11, 1908.
 (Died at Marshland.)

Mrs. E. G. R. Stewart, Boston, Mass., March 21, 1908.

Mrs. Relief Holcomb, North Reading, Mich., March 21, 1908.

Mrs. Mary M. King, Kingston, Mich., March 27, 1908. (Died at Greenwood, Pa.)

Rhue Richardson, Buffalo Valley, Jamestown, Kansas, Auxiliary; died at Lissie, Texas, March 25, 1908.

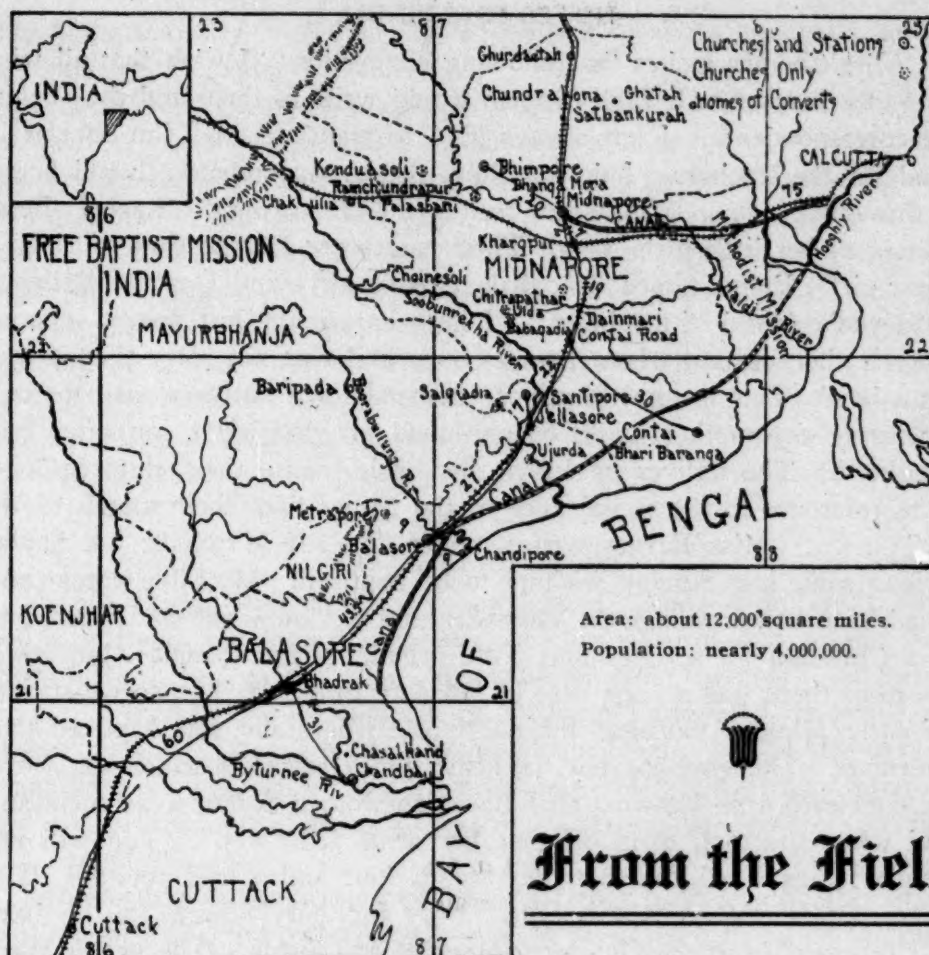
NOTE.—When a member of an Auxiliary passes on, it is fitting that the name, place of residence and date of death should appear under "In Memoriam." Resolutions and obituaries are not printed in *THE HELPER*.

GENTLENESS IS REAL STRENGTH

"Weakness is always rough," said Dr. Hillis recently. "Only giants can be gentle. Tenderness is an inflection of strength. No error can be greater than to suppose that gentleness is mere absence of vigor. Weakness totters and tugs at its burden. When the dwarf that attended Ivanhoe at the tournament lifted the bleeding sufferer, he staggered under his heavy burden. Weakness made him stumble and caused the wounded knight intense pain. When the giant of the brawny arm and the unconquered heart came, he lifted the unconscious sufferer like a feather's weight, and without a jar bore him away to a secure hiding place for healing and recovery. He who studies the great men of yesterday—aye of to-day—will find in the last analysis that gentleness is a test of gianthood, and fine considerateness of the measures of manhood are the gauge of personal works."—*Selected*.

"Each wayside pool, where foot has trod,
Reflects the sky.
So humble souls who look to God
May bring Him nigh."

RECEIVED:—Minutes of the Thirty-third General Conferences of Free Baptists. . . . Report of Cobb Divinity School. . . . The Conferences of the Young Women's Associations of the United States, Summer of 1908. . . . The Congo Crisis.



From the Field

You go to the South or the North,
Because of the word that came.
What was it that sent you forth?
The charm of a mighty name.
And away and over the dark blue
 sea,
To lands where the stranger peoples
 be,
You carry a message to set them free,
Because of the Word that came.

It is you who are brave and strong
Because of the Word that came,
Your life is a sacred song
For love of a Saviour's name.
He is the Leader you keep in view,
Be the days of labor many or few,—
And we are the hosts who pray for
you,
Because of the Word that came.
—Marianne Farningham.

NOTES FROM INDIA

Miss Coombs makes the following suggestion: "I wish that all who support a teacher or a Bible woman would write to them and thus begin the correspondence. I am always glad to translate, and I'm sure it is good for the teachers. I do not think the correspondence should begin at this end." . . . Mrs. Stone sends the following: "Rachel Bese, writing of her little girls, says, 'Their names are Dorcas Emily Priobala (dear girl), Emma Grace Benoybala (gentle girl) and Dorothy Patience Hridoybala (child of my heart). I have named the last one so because I was rather pleased when she was born and was not sorry that it was not a boy.' This is something very unusual for a native woman to say, for surely *any* mother might be pardoned for desiring a son after two daughters! The natives of India, as a rule, name their children with more reference to the significance of the names than their sound, as we do." . . . Miss Barnes writes, under date of March 2: "A Santal woman came last Sunday wishing to be baptized. My Bible woman and I had been to her village on Thursday and we knew she had desired to be a Christian for a long time. We urged her not to delay, but when she came there was no one here in Jellasore to baptize her, so we started off early Monday morning for Santipore, where she was baptized that afternoon. She gave me her six heavy brass bracelets which she wore, three on each arm, knowing that Christian women do not wear such, and said when she took them off that her arms felt "well". You will not wonder when I tell you that they weigh four and a half pounds! The name of this new convert is Seta. Pray for her. *March 17*. I have just returned from the Quarterly Meeting at Ujurda. The people there are very poor and could not entertain the delegates; but one missionary furnished the rice, another salt, and they paid for their own vegetables for curry, and we had a good meeting. Two Hiudus, a man and his wife were baptized." . . . The following is taken from a letter in the *Hillsdale Collegian*, by Nettie Dunn Clark, in whom all Free Baptists are interested:

"My husband and I have been for nearly fifteen years working as missionaries of the Presbyterian mission in North India. For the last three years we have been here in Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, where we have 170,000 people within a radius of three miles, and plenty of work. My husband has charge of the Rang Mahal high school in

which there are 1,000 Hindu and Mohammedan boys and girls, and is also mission treasurer.

"I have charge of a women's dispensary, do some zenana work, have numberless meetings and calls to attend to and have a sort of supervision of our five children, four girls and one boy. The two eldest daughters will go home to America next year. We live very busy, happy lives, love India and its people, and are only made unhappy when we see so many needs about us and so few missionaries.

"In October while we were in the mountains we had the great pleasure of a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Coldren of Chandbali. Milo J. ('76) is the same old boy, as cheerful as ever, and a grand missionary, too, of whom Hillsdale may well be proud. And Emma ('82) is an earnest second, doing an enthusiastic work among the women."

TREASURER'S NOTES

I am writing these notes the very last of March—cold, chilly days, many of them, but sure forerunners of Spring—and that means your treasurer will be "on the wing" much of the time till July, and then a couple of months are planned for dear Ocean Park. All the while my address will be Dover, N. H., from whence mail will be forwarded. Plans are now well made for a trip to Storer College, with Mrs. Metcalf, and our Editor, and Mrs. L. V. Jordan, to attend the Trustees' meeting and commencement.

Interesting but serious problems face the trustees, for the President's House and the girls' dormitory must be decided upon, as the need of them is very apparent to those who know the situation. There was a time when an agent was required to "drum up" students; now the question is, "What is to be done with all the students who are seeking admission to the school?" So the rooms now used by the President's family are needed for class purposes, and more rooms must be provided for the girls. Is there not some one ready to give a generous sum and name the President's House? If so, I hope you will correspond with Rev. N. C. Brackett, Harpers Ferry, West Va., about it before the close of May, the time of the trustees' meeting, or, as the treasurer of the F. B. W. M. S., I should be very glad to receive a communication from such a person.

Just now our work in India, as a denomination, calls loudly for more

missionaries—husbands and wives and single women. Some ought to go this Fall. If these demands are met our General Conference treasury must have more money, or an increasing deficit. The Corresponding Secretary, Dr. Ford, and assistant Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Myers, are working very hard to get the new plan of systematic, daily giving into operation, among all members and friends of Free Baptist churches. The card, which is adapted to this plan, is of such a kind that it can be used by our auxiliaries in their special department, while helping the whole work. This plan, urged by Dr. Ford and Mrs. Stone, will fail of its purpose, however, if it does not stimulate those who can give *more* than one cent a day, to do it. As I view the situation at Storer College, among our needy churches and in India, the call for *large* sums of money is so imperative that it is only by a faith in God (to whom all things are possible), which knows there is money enough in the world to supply all the demands, and never stops to question just where the money is coming from, that our strenuous needs as a people, in advancing Christ's Kingdom on earth, are to be met. Will we not, while we work to put into successful operation this plan, pray expectantly, knowing God is not indifferent to His own work, for it is His, and we are His servants. By the way, will not auxiliaries send to Dr. H. M. Ford, Hillsdale, Mich., for these cards?

There are several new children in Sinclair Orphanage and I wish assignments could be made of these to individuals and auxiliaries. Twenty-five dollars a year will support a child. You can know her name, if you adopt her, and correspond with her, through the Superintendent of Sinclair Orphanage. I shall be glad to answer any questions, by correspondence, which may be asked.

One of the oldest women in our society has just passed away—Mrs. Elizabeth J. R. Stewart. She was a member of the Female Missionary Society, and helped in organizing the F. B. W. M. S. She was deeply interested in denominational affairs, and often contributed to the work.

The Thank-Offering month of May will soon be here. As you who are familiar with this work know, the thank-offering has saved us from a yearly deficit for many years. As the needs are so pressing at the present time, a *very large offering* would enable the W. M. S. to do some splendid work. Could we have a few thousand dollars how easily we could help in solving some of the problems which the denomination is struggling to solve. You know that in making your offering, you can

designate how it shall be used, within the limits of the regular work of the Society, and that the Contingent Fund must be especially designated if you wish your money to be used where it is most needed at the close of the coming quarter.

I suggest that the offering be sent through the proper treasurers by the close of May, if possible, and not later than June 25, for reasons which I will speak of more in detail in my next notes. But we have changed our Constitution, and so can hold our Annual Meeting in August, and this means the books must close June 30.

Will we not take our May Thank-Offering into the Quiet Hour, with expectancy? Remember, it was the persistence and insistence of the nobleman that led the Master to heal his child, and it was the determination of the woman that made the unjust judge grant her request. Our united, quiet, persistent confidence in God, as willing and able to supply all our needs, will bring large results.

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treasurer.*

Dover, N. H.

CRADLE ROLL OUTFIT

Enrollment Card, Record Book, Suggestions for L. L. B.'s Day, Mite Box, Souvenir and Invitation, all for 12 cents.

FOR RALLY DAY

	Each	Doz.
Mite Boxes	.02	.20
Junior L. B. Boxes		.05
Star Badges (card board)	.02	.10
Invitation and Souvenir		.06
Enrollment Cards (for postage)		.05
A. L. B. Enrollment Cards (for postage)		.05

FOR A PROGRAM

The Dawn of the Little Light Bearers	.05	.35
The Little Light Bearer Greeting	.02	.20
How Some Dollies Came to go as Missionaries	.03	
Child Life among the Santals	.01	
Childhood in Heathen Lands	.02	
Only a Baby Small (poem)	.02	
A Little Light Bearer (poem)	.02	
Christian Motherhood	.02	
Mother Goose and her family as Missionary Workers	.10	

FOR INSTRUCTION

See—"The Cradle Roll of L. L. B." Sent free. Address,

MRS. LAURA E. HARTLEY, *C. R. Sec.*,

547 Ocean St., South Portland, Maine.

Helps for Monthly Meetings

"The study of missions is the study of the successful accomplishment of gigantic social tasks. It is the story of the remaking of nations by the impulse of divine energy and ideals."



TOPICS FOR 1907-1908

October—Roll-call and Membership.
November—Missions and Social Progress:
1. Evangelistic Missions.
December—2. Educational Missions.
January—3. Medical Missions.
February—Prayer and Praise.
March—Home Missions.
April—4. Industrial Missions.
May—Thank-Offering.
June—5. Philanthropic Missions.
July—6. Missions and Other Forms of Social Progress.
August—Missionary Field Day.
September—Current Events in World Wide Work.

JUNE—PHILANTHROPIC MISSIONS.

"Wherever Christian Missions have gone new philanthropies have followed. They are the fruit and the evidence of the presence of Christ." ("Gloria Christi," Chapter V.)

Suggestive Program

SINGING—"There's a Wideness in God's Mercy."

SCRIPTURE LESSON—"The Good Samaritan," Luke 10:30-38. Passages bearing on the topic, Gal. 6:2; Rom. 15:1; Heb. 13:16; Isa. 58:6-11.

PRAYER.

ROLL CALL—Respond with items about philanthropic work in our own field. (These can be culled from the Year Book, Annual Report, HELPERS and Stars. There are many items of especial interest in the Year Book for 1908.)

SINGING—"Pass It On." (Gospel Hymns, No. 6, 76.)

BRIEF PAPERS OR TALKS—Leper Work; Work for the Blind; for Children; for Women; Work Against the Opium Evil; Relief Work. (Those who have these papers or talks should display the pictures illustrating their special topics.)

DISCUSSION—(During the discussion bring out the opportunities for service presented to us by the present famine in India. What is being done and what can be done.)

SINGING—"Repeat the Story O'er and O'er."

CLOSING PRAYER.

THE MISSIONARY HELPER BRANCH
OF THE
International Sunshine Society

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears.
Pass it on.



All letters, packages, or inquiries concerning this page or sunshine work, should be addressed to Mrs. Rivington D. Lord, 593 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., president of this branch.

The hearty way with which the members respond to the needs of our sunshine family is most gratifying; we cannot help but feel that God's blessing rests upon our labors, since He has made it possible for us to cheer and to comfort so many.

Mrs. J. Frank Parker of Cranston, R. I., wishes us God speed in our blessed work, and has become one of our family by sending silk pieces to a cripple and takes a list of names to remember with a card. Mrs. Harriet Jenkins never allows an opportunity to pass to cheer others. Just now she has a long list of names who will receive a sunshine greeting. Mrs. Elizabeth O. Hines has remembered us again with a gift of \$1.00.

Miss A. A. Garland gave a roll of *American Messengers*. This good reading was passed on to an aged man. Mrs. E. M. Wilbur, a patchwork square, Mrs. Dottie Brown a picture neatly framed.

Miss E. J. Small has sent cards and booklets to different members, and with her usual thoughtfulness sent a 49 cent stamp book to help us start greetings on their sunshine journey. A Michigan member sends in a fine report of sunshine deeds, and a number of pretty cards and stamps for mailing the same. Mrs. Benj. Rhoads a fancy card and dainty handkerchief. Mrs. S. A. Fisher is cheering a sister in an Old Ladies' Home with the *Morning Star*. A Portland member two beautiful scripture mottoes. A Providence member 50 cents in stamps "to cheer others."

Mrs. R. has given a most generous gift for the free bed in the Sunshine Sanitarium, a number of cards stamped. This sister's life is filled with sunshine. Miss Mary E. Avery is cheering the aged, and sending greetings to a number of our shut-in members. Mrs. W. L. Dow has sent in the name of Mrs. E. J. Young of Tilton, N. H.; as dues she will send cards to shut-ins. Mrs. E. C. Jenness, childrens' papers.

Mrs. John H. Wolfe writes, "It is certainly a great privilege to help carry sunshine to the needy and helpless. Mrs. W. has called on the sick, written sunshine letters, keeps a list of names of shut-ins, gave a bundle of garments.

The President of the "Sunshine Sisters" has sent in a fine report, which gives an account of their work of helping others since the organization; Maude A. Johnson, one of the Sisters, asks that three more names be added to their list: Phyllis Bracy, Marion Buffum and Ellie Taylor; each sent ten cents for a Society pin. Miss E. Pearl Howe sent in three handkerchiefs, a lace collar and rose worked neck band. The above articles are from the Sunshine Class of the Free Baptist Church in Oneonta, N. Y. Four medicine glass covers and 50 cents in money have been received without any name. Will the giver accept our thanks.

Practical Christian Living

'The test of your Christian character should be that you are a joy-bearing agent to the world.'

○ ✕ ○

OUR QUIET HOUR

(10 A. M.)

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.—*Ps. cxx:*

No soul can preserve the bloom and delicacy of its existence without lonely musing and silent prayer; and the greatness of this necessity is in proportion to the greatness of the soul. There were many times in our Lord's ministry when, even from the loneliness of desert places, He dismissed His most faithful and most beloved, that He might be yet more alone.—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

Prayer is not only—perhaps in some of the holiest souls is not even chiefly—a petition for something that we want and do not possess. In the larger sense of the word, as the spiritual language of the soul, prayer is intercourse with God, often seeking no end beyond the pleasure of such intercourse. It is praise. . . . When we seek the company of our friends . . . it is a pleasure to be with them, to be talking to them at all about anything; to be in possession of their sympathies and to be showing our delight at it; to be assuring them of their place in our hearts and thoughts. So it is with the soul, when dealing with the Friend of friends—with God.—*Cannon Liddon.*

Frequent intercourse even with an earthly friend, if he be of a strong, marked character, quickly makes itself seen in its influence upon us. We grow more and more like those with whom we associate, and especially if we admire and look up to them we unconsciously imitate them. It is no less so with our intercourse with God. The more time we spend in His presence, seeking His face and communing with Him in prayer, the more surely will godly graces and tempers spring up within us and bear fruit in our lives.—*Bishop Walsham How.*

A LITANY OF THANKFULNESS

BY W. C. GANNETT.

For days of health; for nights of quiet sleep; for seasons of bounty and beauty; for all earth's contributions to our need through this past year,

Good Lord, we thank Thee.

For our country's shelter; for our homes; for the joy of faces, and the joy of hearts that love,

Good Lord, we thank Thee.

For the power of great examples; for holy ones who lead us in ways of life and love,

Good Lord, we thank Thee.

For our powers of growth; for longings to be better and do more; for ideals that ever rise above our real,

Good Lord, we thank Thee.

For opportunities well used,

Good Lord, we thank Thee.

For opportunities unused, and even those misused; for our temptations and for any victory over sins that close beset us; for the gladness that abides with loyalty, and the peace of the return,

Good Lord, we humbly thank Thee.

For the blessedness of service and the power to fit ourselves to others' needs,

Good Lord, we thank Thee.

For our necessities to work; for burdens, pain and disappointment, means of growth; for sorrow; for death,

Father, we thank Thee.

For all that brings us nearer to each other, nearer to ourselves, nearer to Thee,

For Life, we thank Thee, O our Father.

—Selected.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY

BY HARRIET P. STONE.

Not always, but very often. May I tell you a true story? A dear young girl belonging to a village church which had passed through some unhappy experiences was longing to do something for her Master. But

she was handicapped. She lived in the country, at a distance from the church, was her father's house-keeper, and had frail health that often quite disqualified her for going out. But there was a goodly number of young girls in the congregation and she longed to interest them in something really worth while; some work for others that should serve as a switch to send them on to an *up grade*.

In the autumn of '06 she organized them into a little Society, and with the help and encouragement of an older sister in the church, who accepted the position of President for the first six months, they began work. It took time, tact, persistence and much prayer, and many times she worked beyond her strength, but she has held on. Now there are thirty-one members in the Society. They are divided into two sections, each having its own mite box and Captain. At each regular meeting the mite boxes are passed, and the money gathered is used for Mission purposes. And now you would like to know what they have accomplished. They filled one of Mrs. Metcalf's Merry-go-rounds for Storer College; they bought material and made more than two dozen Mother Hubbards for famine orphans; on Hallowe'en, at their own initiative, each member brought something in the way of provisions, and all was deposited on the door-step of a poor widow, giving her almost enough to last through the winter. One of the best things was that last autumn they were induced to take up Mission study—The Uplift of China. At each meeting a portion of the book was read, after which questions on this portion, previously prepared by the leader, were asked of the two sections alternately, as in a spelling match. The section making most failures must furnish entertainment at their semi-annual banquet, and the section reporting the smallest amount of collections for the six months must furnish refreshments for the banquet!

When I tell you that these dear girls carry on their own meetings (even though their leader is forced to be absent) notwithstanding the fact that only three of them are professing Christians, I am sure you will realize that a good work is being done; and when you have read this, won't you offer at least one prayer that everyone of them may soon accept of Christ as her personal Saviour? And then, in view of what this frail, but devoted, young girl has done, may I not whisper to you, "Go and do thou likewise"?

Words from Home Workers

"The most fortunate men and women are those who have worthy work to do and who do it because they love it."



ONE HUNDRED FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF MOTHER HILL'S BIRTHDAY

Some time ago the Hills' Home and Foreign Missionary Society of Dover, N. H., named for Mrs. M. M. H. Hills, planned an all day missionary meeting in March, for sewing. Mrs. Card, of West Concord Street, invited the society to meet at her home. While talking about the matter, some one remarked that Mother Hills' birthday was in March, and that her friends always celebrated the day; another said the society was named for her; some one else suggested why not have a birthday dinner, in connection with the sewing meeting, in her memory?

So this is how it came about that the Hills' Auxiliary met at Mrs. Card's on the 12th of March, a little earlier than Mrs. Hills' birthday, for the double purpose of sewing and recalling sweet memories of the one who would have enjoyed the day very much, could she have been present.

It was a beautiful day, a perfect reminder of Spring, and the hostess heartily greeted the women who came, most of them promptly at ten o'clock, with needle and thimble. The President, Mrs. Chesley, planned the work. Until one o'clock the ladies were busy, cutting, sewing or using the sewing machine, which was presided over by the State Treasurer of New Hampshire, all for Mother Hubbard dresses. By the way, the *Morning Star* says that enough of them have already been sent to its office for the box which is now on its way to India. But those not completed can be finished in season for Miss Butts to take with her the coming Fall.

At one o'clock we went to the dining room where a delicious dinner was served. After the meal we sat around the table and told stories about Mother Hills and her birthdays. The treasurer of the Woman's Missionary Society began by reading a letter from the editor of the *MISSIONARY HELPER*, who delightfully described Mrs. Hills' 85th birthday party, as an eye witness of the events. Then Mrs. Chase, wife of Mrs. Hills' pastor, for many years, told about the first meeting, and Mrs.

Waterman, another pastor's wife, followed. Each in turn, who had been a guest at the many celebrations (sometimes more than one in a year!) said something, concluding with reminiscences by Mrs. Martha Demeritt, who was like a daughter to Mrs. Hills, during the last years of her life. Incidents in her life, which will never appear in print, were interestingly told, and altogether the hour was a very enjoyable one.

The Hills' Home and Foreign Missionary Society is a wide awake organization. It has for members several young women who are deeply interested in Missions. They like nothing better than to get boxes ready for India and Storer College. They have two partly filled, at the present time. Certainly this society is a worthy namesake of Mother Hills.

BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

ILLINOIS—I am glad to report a Missionary Society recently organized at Tamaroa. We have ten active members. Mrs. Clint Carter was elected President and Lois Melvin, Secretary and Treasurer. We also have several committees at work. We have had one meeting which was enjoyed by all. We hold our meetings in the church because we thought we could get more to attend. We hope to have the prayers of each reader of the HELPER that we may do a great work for our Master.

LOIS MELVIN, *Secretary*.

May we not make the stars and the mountains and the all-ending earth minister to tranquillity of soul, to elevation of mind, and patient striving? Have not the flowers and the look of heaven when the sun first appears or departs, power to show us that God is beautiful and good?

Shall not the great calm Mother whose fair face, despite the storms and battles of all ages, is still full of repose and strength, teach us the wisdom of brave work without noise or hurry? It seems scarcely possible to live in the presence of nature and not be cured of vanity and conceit. When we see how gently and patiently she effaces or beautifies all traces of convulsions, agonies, defeats, and enmities, we feel that we are able to overcome hate and envy and all ignoble passions.—*John L. Spalding, D. D.*

Juniors

OO

FOR LIGHT BEARERS

Recitation.

We plead for the little children
Who have opened their baby eyes
In the far-off lands of darkness,
Where the shadow of death yet
Lies.

But not to be nurtured for heaven,
Not to be taught in the way,
Not to be watched o'er and guided,
Lest their tiny feet should stray.

Ah, no! it is idol worship
Their stammering lips are taught;
To cruel, false gods only
Are their gifts and offerings
brought.

And what can we children offer,
Who dwell in this Christian land?
Is there no work for the Master
In reach of each little hand?

Response

Oh, surely a hundred tapers.
Which even small fingers can clasp,
May lighten as much of the darkness
As a lamp in a stronger grasp!

And then, as the line grows longer,
So many tapers, though small,
May kindle a brighter shining
Than a lamp would, after all.

Small hands may gather rich treasures,

And e'en infant lips can pray;
Employ, then, the little fingers—
Let the children learn the way.

So the lights shall be quicker kindled,

And darkness the sooner shall flee;
Many "little ones" learn of the
Saviour,
Both here and far over the sea.

Junior Program

IN CIRCLES OF LIGHT. Chapter V. The Open Hand.

OPENING HYMN—(Missionary Songs, page 2.)

MEMORY TEXT—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

RESPONSIVE READING—"Giving."

Leader: "What kind of a giver does God love?"

Girls: "God loveth a cheerful giver."

Leader: "How have we received and how should we give?"

Boys: "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Leader: "What measure is promised to liberal givers?"

All: "Give, and it shall be given to you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."

PRAYER—For loving hearts and open hands; for the Children's Missionaries; for the little brown brothers and sisters in the Orphanages in India; for "Clinton's Children" in Africa.

SINGING—"Glad Offerings" (Missionary Songs, page 4.)

SCRIPTURE LESSON—The Story of the Little Lad, John 6:1-13, told briefly, with illustrations and applications, by the leader.

LESSON FOR THE MONTH—"The Open Hand."

[As an object lesson on the subject of sharing our good things, the leader may let twelve small colored candles represent twelve children, and place them in an upright row on the table. The first candle is a selfish girl who wants to shine just for herself. When this has been explained, light the candle and place it under a glass about as large as a two-quart jar. Let it remain so while the leader takes up a green candle, which represents a boy who wants to live for others. Then light another little pink candle, or a little girl's light, from his, and then a yellow one and then a white one, and so on until he has lighted all the ten. When the entire row is burning let the leader turn to the candle under the jar. The light there has gone out. This ought to be a striking illustration to the boys and girls of a selfish life. If the leader could get hold of a plant which had gone to seed because its flowers had not been picked, and one which had given of its blossoms and was flourishing, it would be the best of object lessons.]

CHART OR BLACKBOARD EXERCISE—"What Becomes of Our Money?" (Wasted Money: Strong Drink, \$1,300,000,000; Confectionery; \$178,000,000; Chewing Gum, \$11,000,000.) Developed by one of the older boys, along lines suggested by the text-book.

READING—"How Balasore Brownies Bought a Clock."

SINGING—"Haste! Haste! Haste!" for a little girl with a doll. (Missionary Songs, page 11.) This would also be a charming song for the Cradle Roll Rally.

OFFERING.

CLOSING PRAYER.

HOW BALASORE BROWNIES BOUGHT A CLOCK FOR THE CHAPEL

When whole families live on \$2 to \$4 a month, their children cannot be expected to contribute very much to church finances. Still even that

doesn't excuse them from trying to do something. In fact *sowing is the only thing that brings a harvest worth having*. Being Superintendent of the Sunday School, I wanted our children to learn not only to give, but to do it at a cost to themselves, for this alone would train them to be true givers. So one day I told them I would give one pice to every child who would try in some way to increase it for the benefit of the church. If I remember correctly, about 70 took the pice. Now, one pice is one-half a cent in value, so you can see they hadn't a very large capital to work with. About five months later they all brought together their increase. We had quite a large gathering of people, and I wish you could have seen the happy faces of those children as, one after another they came up to the table, laid down their pice and told how they had earned it. I don't remember all of the ways, but will tell you a few.

Some of the Orphanage children put their pice together, bought thread, made lace, sold it, bought more thread, made more lace, sold it, bought wool, made a variety of articles, sold them and shared the out-put. Some bought seed, raised vegetables and sold them; some bought a few tiny plants, raised vegetables and sold them. Some bought an egg, managed to get it hatched—how, I don't remember—cared for the chicken and sold it. One boy bought a steel pen, did some writing—or copying—and brought the proceeds. Another bought a fish-hook, caught fish and sold them, and one little girl gave her pice to her grandfather for the privilege of gleaning in his rice field, then sold the rice. The average return was about six-fold, though one large girl brought 80-fold!

So we bought a clock for the Balasore chapel, that has ticked off the hours for more than ten years, and still tells the preacher when to stop. Does this scheme suggest anything to *you*?

HARRIET P. STONE.

Philp had gone to bring in the new kittens, to show them to a visitor. His mother hearing a shrill mewing, cried out: "Don't hurt the kittens, Philip." From the hall came the reassuring answer: "O no; I'm carrying them very carefully by the stems."

"They who will not stand up for Christ must stand against him."

Contributions

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Receipts for March, 1908

MAINE

Dover & Foxcroft F B Jr C E 1 sh Miss Barnes' sal'y	\$ 1 50
Houlton Q M Aux Coll	10 00
Ocean Park Aux for Famine Fund	2 00
Pittsfield Mrs Mary B Wingate Income	9 50
Saco Aux for Lydia Durgin, India	25 00
Saco Aux for Miss Coombs sal'y	25 00
Saco Aux for Miss Bella D Thompson, Mem'l School	25 00
So Limington Aux	5 00
Waterville Conf Coll India Wk	8 69

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Chocurna Aux Miss Butts' sal'y	\$ 8 68
Danville Aux	5 00
Dover H H & F M Soc'y income of Littlefield Fund	10 00
Madison Aux	15 00
W Lebanon Aux Inc Mary A Dearborn Fund for F M	7 00
Whitefield Aux for Miss Butts' sal'y	10 00
Wolfboro Q M Aux	4 00

VERMONT

Lyndon Ctre Ch for Contgt Fd	\$ 5 00
Lyndon Ctre a friend for Contgt Fd	1 00
A Friend of Missions	27 20

MASSACHUSETTS

Cambridge Mr & Mrs L H Dillingham for support of Horipriya at Mid	\$ 7 00
Haverhill Winter St F B Ch Children 1 sh Miss Barnes' sal'y	4 00
Lynn High St Ch W M S zen teacher at Mid	6 25

NEW YORK

Buffalo 2nd F B Ch in memory of Emma M Hyde by her parents one share Miss Barnes' sal'y	\$ 4 00
---	---------

PENNSYLVANIA

Tioga Co Q M W M S Fourth Quarter Head Pundit Girls' School Bal	\$ 25 00
Ditto for remainder of support of Bible Woman at Bal	10 00

ILLINOIS

Ava Jr Soc'y of F B Ch 1 sh Miss Barnes' sal'y	\$ 4 00
--	---------

MICHIGAN

Battle Creek Mrs Harriet Phillips Stone for subscribers to MISS HELPER	\$ 25 00
So Haven Mrs Alta B Chase for India Famine Orphans	1 00

MINNESOTA

Champlin Q M for F M	\$ 3 50
Madelia F B Ch for F M	5 00
Minneapolis Lillian Phelps Ingham F M	25 00
Nashville Aux ½ H M; ½ F M	10 00

IOWA

Oxford Jct Sister in Christ ½ Storer; ½ F F	\$ 1 00
---	---------

NEBRASKA

Long Branch F B Ch Jr C E for Miss Barnes	\$ 4 00
---	---------

SOUTH DAKOTA

Sioux Falls R Biddick for S O	\$ 5 00
Sioux Falls M M Hull for S O	5 00
Sioux Falls W M Aux for S O	3 00

MISCELLANEOUS

Income Working Funds	\$ 12 50
Income Mother Hill's Fund for F M	10 00
Income Literature	1 45
Income for Gen Funds	10 00
Income for Gen Funds	12 98
Income Parker Fund for child S O	20 00

Total \$419 25

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.

Dover, N. H.

Per. EDYTH R. PORTER, Asst. Treas.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath the sum of _____ to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine.